

The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1796.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

No. 12. of Vol. IX.] NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip. [Whole Numb. 428.

FOLLY OF SPECULATION: OR, A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

BEFORE they had crossed the wide heath on which the alehouse was situated, the storm of snow increased: It was nearly dark, and the horses, from the slipperiness of the road, seemed to be so fatigued that they were likely to fall at every step.

The man who drove was a sturdy clown, who seemed never to have driven a chaise before. He was not the less obstinate for being very ignorant, and he plunged on through thick and thin, regardless of the intreaties of Mrs. Widdrington, or the danger he was frequently in of overturning the chaise.

In this manner they blundered through a large wood, where the snow had not yet concealed the track that led, as the man said, to the town in question. It brought them out on the edge of one of those extensive moors so frequent in the north of England. It was almost dark; yet the man, persisting in his assurance that he perfectly knew the road, though all was now covered with snow, the chaise was suddenly overturned by the falling of one of the horses, and the driver thrown to some distance.

He soon, however, recovered himself, and, not without many execrations, approached to deliver the mother and daughter from their perilous situation in the chaise. They were neither of them hurt, but greatly terrified, alike at what they had suffered and what they feared: for it was now evident that one of the wheels was broke; and that in the carriage it was quite impossible for them to proceed. Mrs. Widdrington, her trembling daughter now hanging on her arm, collected all her resolution to consider what was to be done; and at length determined that the postilion should put their baggage on the horses, and lead the way, while they attempted to find the road back to the house they had left, for the dreary expanse before them afforded no sign of habitations: not a light glimmered across the desolate plain, and the man owned that the town to which they had been directed was at least five miles off on its opposite side.

Nothing can be imagined much more deplorable than the situation of these two poor women, who never had before been exposed to the least hardship or difficulty. To remain where they were was to perish in the snow before morning, yet it was far from clear that they should be able to reach any shelter. The man, however, who did not seem much less alarmed than they were, walked on, leading the horses; and the mother and daughter, holding by each other, followed as well as they could.

Suddenly the road which the man had taken turned into a kind of lane; by the reflection of the snow, they discovered that it was bounded on one side by the wood they had been in, and on the other by a high old wall. They were then near a house; a circumstance that Mrs. Widdrington spoke of with the greatest joy; but

their guide was so far from appearing to share their joy, that he exclaimed, in great consternation, that he had missed his way, and that it was better to go back. Mrs. Widdrington, regardless of his apparent reluctance, now eagerly asked which was the way to the entrance of the house? The man sullenly answered, that it was no matter, for that they should get no good there and it was better not to attempt to enter.

Any shelter, however, appeared so desirable to Mrs. Widdrington, that she disregarded this speech; but Eupheme eagerly asked the man, "Why they had not better try to gain admittance?"

"Why!" replied he, "why, because 'tis haunted."—"And is it not inhabited then?"—"Oh! aye, there's inhabitants enough such as they be."—"If so," said Mrs. Widdrington, "nothing shall prevent my asking shelter for the night." She then repeated the question of which was the way to the front, or to any entrance of the house. The man with reluctance shewed her, and they, in a few moments, came to the corner of a high wall, and turning, perceived an high old fashioned iron gate, through which they saw a court, and the front of a large old fashioned stone house, with scalloped points. The window frames, they could perceive, were of heavy stone work, and no light appeared at any of them; but as it was not late, Mrs. Widdrington desired the man to endeavor to find a bell, or otherwise to make her distress known to the persons within. This, therefore, though very unwillingly, he attempted; but for sometime in vain. A dog, however, was more alert than the rest of the household, and starting with a violent bark from a kennel in the court, he came with such fury to the iron gate, that Eupheme, retreating in terror, besought her mother to go back, and rather encourage the fatigue of returning to the alehouse on the heath, than attempt to enter that frightful house.

The raging of the dog had more effect on the people of the house, than the noise of those who had alarmed him. A faint light glimmered from one of the casements above. A form, which could not be distinguished through the gloom, appeared for a moment at it, and then glided away. All the stories he had ever heard about the supernatural inhabitants of this house, now recurred to the postilion, who, with his teeth chattering in his head, rather from fear than cold, again implored Mrs. Widdrington not to think of entering it.

The light now again appeared in the chamber. A figure, which did not appear to be the same, slowly opened the casement, and in a sharp and tremulous voice, demanded who was there, and what was their business.

The incessant barking, or rather roaring of the dog, hardly permitted Mrs. Widdrington to answer, that she was a person from Scotland, who with her daughter was travelling towards London, but having missed their way in the snow, their chaise was overturned and broken, and they were likely to perish during so severe a

night if the inhabitants of that house were not charitable enough to receive them.

The old man or woman who had spoken to them now retired, and, without giving any answer, shut the window. The heart of Mrs. Widdrington sunk within. She looked round, to see if any cottages surrounded this inhospitable mansion, where she might find an asylum, which it seemed to deny her, but none appeared. Its front looked through a curve in the woods over the extensive moor they had attempted to pass, and on the sides of it were high walls and ruinous offices. A dark and heavy storm of snow now came on, and the objects which were before but faintly seen, were no longer discernible. Mrs. Widdrington gave herself and her daughter up for lost: The dog, however, was a sufficient intimation to the persons within, that their petitioners still remained at the gate.

Almost a quarter of an hour longer passed before any one again appeared. At length the same dim and doubtful figure whom they had before heard speak, slowly opened the same casement, and bade them go to another gate a few yards farther in the wall, where he said he would come and speak to them. They crept to the place he pointed out, for by this time they were nearly perished with cold. Here they again waited for some time, till, from a side door of the old Gothic edifice, the figure, holding in one hand a lantern, and in the other a rusty broad sword, slowly approached. He was dressed in a long black or very dark gown; something equally dark was bound over his hollow brows; his face was long, pale, and shrivelled, and two small eyes glared from their deep sockets, under a broad rusty hat. He held up his lantern when he came close to the gate, which was also of iron, and examined the three persons that appeared at it, but spoke not a word in answer to the earnest intreaties of Mrs. Widdrington to be let in. After having made this silent enquiry for some minutes, he told her in a voice that made her shudder, that though it was what he had sworn never to do, yet, as he believed her distress might be real, he would, for once, break through his resolution, and let strangers enter his house; but as for the man with them, he could give him no other permission than to go into the stable. The man, half frozen as he was, felt no inclination to enter a house where he was firmly persuaded evil spirits kept their court, declared he should be quite as well content with the stable. He was admitted, therefore, into the yard, and the old man pointed to a door on its opposite side, where he said was a shelter for himself and horses, a shelter was all he seemed disposed to grant to either of them.

While the postilion, trembling, and looking back at every step, led the weary animals across the dreary yard, Mrs. Widdrington and her daughter, petrified with terror and cold followed the old man, who, with a slow and feeble step, walked before them. At the door of the house stood another figure, who, except his having a more squalid appearance resembled their dismal looking conductor. This second strange

figure let them pass, but spoke not; and as they entered an high-bricked hall, roofed with some kind of black wood, he barred the door, and then stalked after them.

The man with the lantern, which reflected a dim and lurid light on the melancholy mansion, moved slowly out of the hall, and entered a long passage. Overcome with terror, Eupheme now clasped her mother's arm, and faintly articulated, "Good God! whither are we going?" "Have patience, have courage, my child," answered her mother, still endeavoring to lead her on; but she hung back involuntarily, and the man with the lantern disappeared. A dreary pause ensued, and the figure behind cried, in a hollow voice, "Won't you go on?"

[To be continued.]

FROM THE FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE OLD MAID'S EPISTLE TO THE BACHELORS OF THE VILLAGE.*

YE Bachelors too long you've tarried,
Tis time---ugh time that you were married,
For Heaven itself ordain'd to tie man
With women in the bands of Hymen.

Ye boobies, bushy, backward, blundering,
How long must we be waiting, wondering,
Any why to timid---why that distance?
We promise you but faint resistance,
While the day lasts, up before
Now's the accepted time for wooing.
Here's many a luscious lass for market,
But not a lad, who dares to spark it!!!

In Alstead, pitthee never tell on't,
That Walpole furnish'd no gallant!
In Marlow town proclaim it never,
& Walpole lass finds none to have her!

Should you remain as tame as sheep here,
We'll take advantage of this leap year,
Full oft by us you shall be visited,
In terms pathetic of solicited,
We'll take possession of your houses,
And let you know, we are your spouses.

Should this plan fail, should you refuse us,
Or show false colours to amuse us,
We'll fly to Congress with petition,
Describing our forlorn condition,
To Sunday limper screech our faces,
Before their honours ope our cases,
Inform them how, that this our nation,
Suffers for want of population;
That we're prepar'd if 'tis their pleasure,
To afflict in any lawful measure,
The people wilemen wildernesses,
With Jothams, Molls, and Nabs and Besses.

BETTY BROADFACE,

Corresponding Secretary
for the Independent Confederacy of Old Maids.

* For Answer, see Court of Apollo.

MELANCHOLY INSTANCE

OF THE FOLLY OF TERRIFYING WEAK MINDS.

A Respectable merchant, who had quitted the cares of business to enjoy a retirement in the country, had two amiable young ladies, his daughters, and a son with intellects rather weak, who formed an affectionate, and, but in the latter respect, a happy family. On a fatal evening the young ladies agreed to frighten their brother on his way home, which lay through a solitary lane, by placing on a stick the skull of a horse, which the servant had provided, with a light within. Their scheme succeeded; but may its dreadful effects caution the unwary and inconsiderate! The youth returned home in a violent agitation, which terminated in madness! A few weeks after this unhappy accident, as his sisters were sitting at a window which overlooked the garden, they beheld their brother run towards his ill-fated parent, who was taking his walk, and before the keeper could arrive to prevent him, he had strangled the author of his being! This relation, founded on an event which actually happened, is inserted as a caution to others.

THE TEARS OF LOVE, AN ELEGY.

SCENE, A CHURCH YARD.—A SUMPTUOUS MONUMENT
OF A DECEASED PATRIOT IN VIEW.

YON monument, the labour'd work of art,
Beneath whose pond'rous weight earth seems to groan,
Where brazen figures seem with life to start;
And drooping Angels seem to weep in stone:

Was rear'd to bear to future times the name
Of him, who sleeps within its marble womb,
Whose god-like actions swell'd the trumpet of fame,
And drew the tears of nations o'er his tomb.

Yet vain the work!—The marble shall decay,
In vain the sculptor forms the breathing bust—
The frail materials live their little day;
Then sink and moulder into native dust.

Time smiles contemptuous at man's empty pride;
Reflection tells, the feeble work must die;
Shews, lost in dark oblivion's silent tide,
Those, who for fame on bras or stone rely.

The yielding stone gives up the sculptur'd lines:
The blunted metal meets a like decay;
Time's wasting hand that mars our fond designs,
First sweeps our name and epitaph away.

Hence o'er the time-worn fragment oft we see
The doubtful antiquarian fondly pore:
'Tis CÆSAR now, and now a Ptolemy;
Now tyrant NERO, or unhappy MOORE.

Yet shall thy name, O Laura 'scape the rage
Of time, the sword and swift-destroying fire:
Thy fame shall flourish in a distant age;
And future bards thy lovely form admire.

The muse shall raise, for thee, a lasting song;
And time, reclining at the pow'ful sounds,
Shall drop his scythe, and bear thy fame along
To realms unknown, and earth's remotest bounds.

Ev'n I who tune the lyre, of thee to sing,
Shall, dying, join my hapless name to thine.
Fair truth for me shall touch the trembling string,
And drop the pitying tear to woes like mine.

Her voice shall softly sing of Damon's fate:
The tender loves shall, weeping, fit around;
Haply relenting, then, alas, too late,
Thy sighs shall sadly swell the mournful sound.

When tender melancholy leads the way,
And sympathizing pity warms thy breast;
Thy steps, at eve, perchance, may penive stray
To where my lifeless limbs shall peaceful rest.

Then waking memory shall again renew
My love, my grief, my anxious hopes and fears;
Then in sad colours paint afresh to view
My dying figure, pale, and drown'd in tears.

Shall tell—disturb'd by love, of hope bereft,
How long I wander'd in this vale of woe;
How friends, relations, all for thee I left:
How, green in youth, fell sorrow laid me low.

Then shalt thou say, "I might, but would not save;"
Then shall thy voice in plaintive accents mourn:
Then shalt thou, sighing, view poor Damon's grave,
And with thy tears bedew his silent urn.

W. P. C.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps on this pretty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

INGENIOUS EPITAPH.

[Lately copied from a Tombstone, in the buryingplace of Concord, Massachusetts.]

GOD

Wills us Free;

MAN

Wills us Slaves;

I will as God wills—

GOD's will be done!

Here lies the body of JOHN JACK, a native of Africa, who died, March 1773, aged about sixty years.

Though born in a land of SLAVES,

He was born FREE;

Though he lived in a land of LIBERTY,

He lived a SLAVE,

Till by his HONEST, though STOLEN labours,

He acquired the source of SLAVERY,

Which gave him his FREEDOM,

Though not long before,

DEATH,

The GRAND TYRANT of all,

Gave him his FINAL EMANCIPATION,

And sat him on a LEVEL with KINGS.

Though a SLAVE to VICE,

He practised those VIRTUES,

without which,

KINGS are but SLAVES.

THE BON MOT WITHOUT A JOKE.

A Daughter of labour, who had been in service in the pottery busines from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might rest her bones. Hymen, at length listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clothopper led her to the altar, nothing loath. Some time afterwards, her late mistress meeting her asked her, "Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?" "Yes, indeed," replied she, with a sigh, "my JAW BONES."

THE SAILOR.

WHEN on a gunnel of a ship,

Poor Jack was running with some ris,
There came a cruel cannon ball,
Which shot his foot off, leg and all.
Jack saw his expectation crost,
And cry'd, "D—n me, the slip is lost."

ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

HE who has a low forehead and full of wrinkles, will look like a monkey.

He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life—and that is infallible.

He who has a long nose, will have the more to blow and the better to handle.

A great mouth from ear to ear signifies much foam and no bridle; but are not hard mouthed, but all mouth.

A little mouth drawn up like a purse, denotes darkness within, and looks more like a loop hole than a window.

A watery mouth that splutters when it speaks, and overflows when it laughs, will have need of a flossing bish.

Whoever has frizely or black hair will put the barber to much trouble, and he who has vermin, will often scratch his head.

He that is bald will have no hair: and if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place.

Sparkling eyes will be very apt to shine.

PITY.

PITY is the sense of our own misfortunes in those of another man; it is a wise foresight of the disasters that may befall ourselves: we assist others in order to engage them to assist us on like occasions; so that the services we offer to the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipated kindnesses to ourselves.

SATURDAY, September 10, 1796.

The ship *Peggy*, captain *Bunse*, in 49 days from Hull, by her London accounts have been received to the evening of the 13th July. The most important articles are the defeat of the Austrians by Gen. Moreau, since his crossing the Rhine; the continued apprehensions of a rupture between Great Britain and Spain.

LONDON, JULY 13-14.

This morning the mail arrived from Hamburg, which was due last Sunday. The accounts confirm the statements given in the last Paris papers, respecting the crossing of the Rhine at Strasbourg and Kehl, and give other particulars respecting the operations of the Austrians, and the alarm that has been spread through all the countries along the Rhine, by the progress of the French.

The Austrians having been obliged to abandon Fribourg, in Brisgau, seem to have no choice left but to retreat (for fighting seems now to be out of the question) into the Black Forest, by what is called the Devil's Vale. The army commanded by the Prince of Conde must pursue the same measures.

The Archduke, with part of his army left the Lahn, intending, it would appear, to prevent the French from getting over at Strasbourg, but the Republicans having been too quick in their operations to be prevented by the arrival of Austrian reinforcements from such a distance, this movement on the part of the Archduke will, in the end, turn out to the disadvantage of the Imperialists; for, in the mean time, a reinforcement of 25,000 men from the army of the North, has joined that of the Sambre and Meuse, which, in consequence, is again advancing towards the Lahn and the Sieg, where it is probable, the absence of the Archduke will be one means of enabling them to re-establish themselves.

The French, by the late movements have rendered all their positions more secure than they were a short time ago, and it will require great military skill on the part of the Imperialists to prevent them from profiting by the circumstance; for not only has the army of the Sambre and Meuse received great reinforcements from that of the North as we have already stated, but a junction has been formed by the right wing of Jourdan's army, and the left of Gen. Moreau's.

An article from Bonn, of June 24th, states, that the news is confirmed of the French having taken the lines before Mentz. This intelligence, however, merits further confirmation, before it can be implicitly credited.

Eighteen waggon loads with gold and silver plate, which the French had taken in Lombardy, arrived in Genoa, where they were deposited with the banker Balbi, treasurer to the French.

CAPTURE OF COLUMBO, WITH IMMENSE TREASURES.

Letters from Madras, dated the 22d of February, received over land at the India house, confirm the intelligence we gave a few days ago of the capture of Columbo, which with all other dependencies belonging to the Dutch on the island of Ceylon, surrendered on the 15th of February to his Majesty's forces under the command of Gen. Stuart. The property found there is immense; that of individuals is secured to them; but three Dutch East-Indiamen, richly laden, and all other public property, will be shared by the captors.

VICTORY OF THE FRENCH ON THE RHINE.

In the sitting of the Council of Five Hundred, July 6, the following message was delivered:

The Executive Directory to the Council of Five Hundred.

"CITIZEN LEGISLATORS,

"Victory is as faithful to the Armies of the Republic in Germany, as she has been in Italy. We have to announce to you a battle gained at Renchen.

"The army of the Rhine and Moselle, after its brilliant passage of the Rhine, had successfully engaged in several combats which were the prelude to the most important operations. A general battle took place on the 10th at Renchen. The Republican troops alternately employed, in imitation of the skilful chiefs who commanded, that national boldness which overthrows every thing that opposes its impetuosity; and that unshaken courage which relents every effort. The enemy left in the power of the French ten pieces of cannon, twelve hundred prisoners, six hun-

dred horses, and a field of battle covered with dead bodies. Their loss is enormous. Such is the expression of Moreau, the commander in chief.

"The army of the Sambre and Meuse did not remain a passive spectator of the victorious march of the Rhine and Moselle. The division which had fallen back behind the Rhine, forcibly passed that river at Cologne, between Coblenz and Andernach. A corps of the enemy which defended the right bank, was compelled to fly with precipitation."

HULL, JULY 15.

BY EXPRESS.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, half past eight, July 13.

The intelligence brought by the Captain of the Transport from Gibraltar, which arrived at the War-Office this morning, is said to be that of considerable preparations going on at the camp of St. Roch, evidently intended to act offensively against that fortress; as also a large body of forces have arrived at the lines, which for this month past have been cantoned in the village ten or twelve miles from the Camp. But from the secret manner in which those in official situations, in the office, have acted, since the receipt of the above dispatches, nothing further has transpired; though it is evident, from manner and conduct, they are of the most momentous nature.

Our correspondent's letter also confirms the account given in the preceding post, of the entire defeat of the Austrians with immense loss.

On Wednesday last, arrived at this port the ship *Cygnus*, captain *Johnson*, in 52 days from Hamburg. A gentleman who came passenger in the *Cygnus* has obligingly informed us, that the last intelligence received was, that the French had passed the Rhine, taken Kehl, with 500 prisoners, and had penetrated considerably into Suabia; that the Austrians had been obliged to leave the lower Rhine with precipitation, leaving much baggage, &c. That the French army was rapidly advancing to Frankfort. From the recent successes of the French, it was the general and daily expectation of the citizens of Hamburg, that a peace would soon take place between the Emperor and the French Republic.

By captain Little, arrived at Boston from Pittsburgh, we learn, that a few days before he sailed, the galleys belonging to the Empress, in number about 140, which were hauled up and hauled, at a small distance from Pittsburgh, were a few days before he sailed, destroyed by lightning, together with a great number of stores, &c.

The *Thetis* frigate, captain *Cockian*, lay in Hampton Roads on Friday the second inst.

The French general Jourdan's army consists of 120,000 men, and his vanguard of 20,000 grenadiers.

The ship *Deborah*, capt. *Palmer*, in 70 days from Londonderry, is arrived at New-Castle, Delaware, with upwards of 300 passengers, all in good health.

BALTIMORE, September 2.

Yesterday arrived at this port, brig *Polly*, Capt. *Delano*, 50 days from Galway, with 134 steerage and 5 cabin passengers, all in good health. On Sunday morning last, Cape Henry bearing W. S. W. saw an English fleet, consisting of 5 sail, lying to about 4 leagues to the windward; same time, saw three large ships about 3 leagues a-head of the English fleet, under easy sail. Same day, in the evening, spoke a Hampton pilot, who informed that he had just come from on board the admiralty ship, and that the three vessels a-head were French frigates, commanded by Capt. *Barney*. The English fleet had been in chase of them two days, but finding that it was impossible to overhaul them, had given up the pursuit as altogether useless.

Arrived ship *Frederica Henrietta*, captain *Fry*, nine weeks from Plymouth--salt--A. Brown--Brought 19 steerage passengers. The pilot informs that he saw the English fleet, consisting of 5 sail, chase captain *Barney* all day Saturday, but the chase was quite vain and fruitless. The pilot ran under the stern of one of the French frigates, the officers and crew of which were in high glee, and told him the frigate's name was *Aristocrat*.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Schenck, Mr. JOEL SCIDMORE, of Crab-Meadow (L. I.) to Miss HANNAH HOYT, of Dicks-Hills, (L. I.)

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Captain DANIEL HAWLEY, of Connecticut, to Miss CATHERINE GILBERT, daughter of William W. Gilbert, Esquire, of this city.

The same evening at Elizabeth-Town, by the Rev. Mr. Rayner, Mr. BEZA E. BLISS, of New-York, to Miss BETSEY JELF THOMAS, of that place.

On Wednesday evening the 3d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Burnet, Mr. OBADIAH WICKES, of Troy, to Miss SALLY RAYMOND, of Norwalk, (Connecticut.)

The same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Burnet, Mr. JOSEPH WICKES, of Troy, to Miss SUSANNAH RAYMOND, of Norwalk, (Connecticut.)

DIED

On Thursday evening last, PETER T. CURTENIUS, Esq. Auditor General of this State.

"A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief's a rod,

"AN HONEST MAN's the noblest work of God."

POPE.

At Stamford, Connecticut, on Wednesday, the 3d, of August last, after a short though severe illness, Doctor ISAAC DAVIS, of that place: a gentleman much respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Since then that neither youth nor hoary age
Can Death escape, or can avert his rage,
Timely reflect on all your conduct pass,
And live each day as if it were your last;
For fense and truth this awful lesson give,
We live to die; but yet, we die to live.



LION.

TO THE CURIOUS.

A Beautiful African Lion,

To be seen every day. Sundays excepted, at the Ball Alley, in the Fields, next to the corner of Murray-street, in Broadway, where the proprietor has provided a Cage, in which the Lion moves at large, and which exhibits him to the greatest advantage.

Great attention has been paid both in the choice of so pleasant a place, and in the convenience of the inclosure to the accommodation of those ladies and gentlemen, who may favour the proprietor with their presence.

This noble animal is between 3 and 4 feet high, measures 8 feet from nostril to tail, is of a beautiful dun colour, between 6 and 7 years old, and uncommonly strong built. His legs and tail are as thick as those of a common sized ox. He was caught in the woods of Gorse, in Africa, when a whelp, and brought from thence to New-York.

He is as tame as any domestic animal whatever, and is really worth the contemplation of the curious.—Price of admittance TWO SHILLINGS.

63 To be removed the last of this month.

September 10.

88 18

A. W. LAY. Watch Maker and Jeweller,

No. 85, Nassau-Street,
N. B. Watch cases of every kind neatly made.
New-York, July 30.

Court of Apollo.

PHELM O'BLUFF'S EPISTLE TO MISS BETTY BROADFACE.

DEAR BET if your face were as broad as a platter,
Your nose full as flat as a pancake, or flatter;
Your bulk like a hoghead, your shape like a churn,
I'd have you, for "better to marry than burn."
I have a small cot, by the side of you hill,
Some acres of land, just sufficient to till.
Am this side of forty, am clever and hearty,
Attach'd to no side, and a friend to no party.
My height is six feet and two inches exact,
I'm stout in proportion, of Irish extract.
To tell you the truth, though I'm not apt to brag,
In boxing no Yankee can stand me a fag.
Ahhho! I'm not handsome I am well enough;
I'll pare close my nails, and my whiskers so rough;
I'll mount my Dutch horse and a courting I'll go;
By St. Patrick, I'll have you Bet whether or no.
I've no inclination to chide your complaining,
For who is more wretched, than the maid that is wailing?
But banish your sorrow, be gay as a lark,
For BETTY you'll find me a pretty good spark.
To Congress he'll lie, with petition aforesaid,
In tone of despatch, pray not a word more said;
For if our endeavours should chance to prove lucky,
We'll send out a colony, west of Kentucky;
Half Yankee, half Irish, our own fabrication;
And do what we can to increase population.



A N E C D O T E.

A Young Lady being sick, a physician was sent for to feel her pulse; she being very coy, and loath he should touch her naked skin, pulled her shift over her hands; the doctor observing it, took a corner of his coat and laid it on her shift sleeve; at which a lady that stood by wondered: O madam, said he, A LINEN PULSE MUST ALWAYS HAVE A WOOLLEN PHYSICIAN.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, has removed from the shop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, to No. 133, William-street,

AND takes this method to inform her friends and the public that she has received in some of the west-vessels from London. Dreis and half dreis caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. &c. elegant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fathoms, and a variety of ribbons,

New-York, May 2, 1796.

9 ot f

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of FOSBROOK and SMITH being dissolved by mutual consent, the public are respectfully informed that the subscriber has taken the Store; where, on the most reasonable terms, may be had, as usual, a general assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery,

Mechanic's Tools, Japanned Ware, Swords, do. Blades, Fencing Foils, Single and double barrel Fowling Pieces, Muskets, Hothol and Pocket Pistols, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS R. SMITH.

For Sale, at a very reduced price,

400 Light Horse & Hanger Blades.

Aug. 13, 1796.

24--tf.

THOMAS PEDLEY,

PERUKE-MAKER, HAIR DRESSER, & PERFUMER
M OST respectfully returns his thanks to his customers and the public, and informs them, that he carries on his business in the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Rose, No. 219, Water-street, near Crane-Wharf. Where he makes all kinds of Whigs, Sculps, and false Quo's for Gentlemen; tates, braids and curls for Ladies, in the neatest manner, and on the shortest notice. Likewise a general assortment of Perfumery just from Europe.

24

Boarding and Lodging,

No. 34.
Beaver-street, New-York.

Michael Moore, & Co.

AT THEIR PORTER VAULTS.

No. 73, John-street, late Golden-hill, at the house of C. Haviland, Merchant Tailor, (one of the Company) have for Sale,

HIBBERT Brown Stout, hell London Porter, do. Philadelphia do. do. New-York do. do. Newark Cyder, do. English do. do. Tanton Ale, do. Burton do. do. Liverpool do. do. Bristol do. and Beer, Philadelphia Ale, Burlington do. New-York do.---All which will be engag'd of the best quality, and sold at the most reduced prices. Captains and masters of vessels served at the shortest notice.---N. B. Higher price given for empty bottles.

August 13.

24 if

WHITNEY WEST, Comb Manufacturer,

No. 432, Pearl-street,

INFORMS his Friends and the Public in general, that he makes and sells all kinds of Horn, Ivory, and Tortoise-shell Combs, of the first quality, and on the most reasonable terms. All orders from the Country or City, left at No. 432, Pearl-street, or at the Manufactory, in Hanman-street, will be duly attended to, Cash given for Cow and Ox Horns, Ivory and Tortoise shells.

N. B. Any person wanting particular Combs, may have them by applying as above.

April 28, 1796.

24 if

JOHN VANDER POOL, Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

IT AS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pens, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes.

Aug. 6

24 if

Elegant Laces and Edgings.

A Beautiful assortment of white Laces and Edgings, damask and plain table linen, from three to ten quarters wide, superior in pattern and quality to any in this city. Likewise a large assortment of coarse and fine muslins, and a few elegant 4-4 and 5-4 silk shawls. Also, every other article in the Dry Good Line wholesale and retail, by

GEO. R. HENDRICKSON

March 5. 01 if No. 79, Maiden-Lane,
Formerly occupied by Mr. John Kingland.

Laces and Edgings.

JUST received, as Elegant an Assortment of White Laces and Edgings, as ever has been exposed for sale in this city; likewise Ribbons of the newest fashion, Silk Hosiery of all kinds, both French and English, with a variety of other Dry Goods, Wholesale and Retail, as usual, at No. 114, Pearl-street, late Hanover-square.

JACOB WILKINS, Jun.

New-York, April 30, 1796.

9 if

Bills of Exchange.

FOREIGN and inland Bills of Exchange, elegantly engraved and printed, on superfine bank paper, may be had either bound or in sheets, or by the single set, by applying to JOHN BURGER, jun. Copper-Plate Printer, at No. 167, William-Street, (the third door from the corner of Becken-Street.) Orders from any part of the United States in the above line will be executed with the strictest precision.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted to the above business.

July 30.

24 if

Attention!!! Young Ladies.

At No. 60, CATHARINE-STREET,

A RE taught the following branches of Education to Youth of both Sexes, viz: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Latin and Greek, Geography, Composition, Speaking, Navigation, Gauging, Surveying, Mensuration, Book-Keeping, and Tambouring to Young Ladies, on the most reasonable terms; also, an Evening School is now open for Young Men and Apprentices. Poor Girls are taught gratis on Sabbath Days.

16 if

MANTUA-MAKING, and MILLINARY.

A Young Person willing to learn the above business, may hear of an eligible place---Enquire of the Painter.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS William Jones Cecil, of the county of Otsego in the state of New-York, farmer, being indebted to Jacob Watson of the city of New-York, in the state of New-York merchant, by bond, bearing date the third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety four, in the penal sum of fourteen hundred pounds, current money of the state of New-York.

Conditioned for the payment of the sum of seven hundred pounds like money, on or before the first day of November next ensuing the day of the date of the said bond or obligation. AND WHEREAS the said William Jones Cecil did, by indenture bearing date the same day and year aforesaid, to secure the payment thereof, mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, ALL those four certain pieces, parcels, or quarter lots of land herein after described, situate, lying and being in the late county of Tryon, thereafter in the county of Montgomery, and now the counties of Montgomery and Herkimer, or partly in both, and in the state of New-York; and being part and parcel of a tract on the north side of the Mohawk River, now known and distinguished by the name of Jersey Field, heretofore granted by letters patent under the great seal of the late province, (now state of New-York) dated the twelfth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy, unto Henry Glen and Alexander Campbell, and ninety two other persons, which said tract is thus described:

Beginning at a white pine tree standing on the west side of a creek commonly called and known by the name of Te-casharanda or Canada creek, which said pine trees was formerly marked with a blaze and three notches, and a hand holding an arrow, and with the figures 1764, for the north east corner of a tract of land surveyed for Sir William Johnson, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty four, by Isaac Vrooman. And this tract runs from the said pine tree north seventy four degrees, east seven hundred and eight chains, then north fifty eight degrees, west one thousand eight hundred and forty seven chains to one other brook commonly called and known by the name of Theigo or Canada creek, then down the stream thereof as it runs, including one half of the said brook, to the rear line, or northerly bounds of the said tract surveyed for Sir William Johnson, then along the said rear line or northerly bounds, south fifty eight degrees east, one thousand eight hundred and forty seven chains to the aforesaid pine tree where this tract first began, containing ninety four thousand acres of land, and the usual allowance for high ways; which said pieces, parcels or quarter lots of land intended to be hereby granted are known and distinguished in the deed of partition of the lots of the said patent, made and executed by and between the proprietors of the said tract, on the seventeenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy three, and also on the map or chart affixed to the said partition deed, (which said partition deed and map thereunto annexed are duly recorded in the county of Tryon, liber A. fol. 100, 101, 102, 103, continued as far as 197) by the numbers thirteen, twenty seven, eighty two, and eighty four, whereof a moiety or half part of each of the said lots was by the said partition deed, conveyed and set apart for and to the said Henry Glen, and whereof it is intended by these presents to convey and grant as follows: that is to say, the south-east quarter or fourth part of the said lot, number thirteen, containing two hundred and sixty two acres, and one half acre, strict measure. The fourth-west quarter or fourth part of the said lot number eighty-four, containing two hundred and sixty two acres and one half acre of like measure. The north-east quarter or fourth part of the said lot number eighty-two, containing two hundred and sixty two acres and one half acre of like measure. And the north-east quarter or fourth part of the said lot number twenty seven, containing two hundred and sixty two acres and one half of like measure. The said four quarter lots containing together the full quantity of one thousand and fifty acres of land, strict measure, together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining. AND, WHEREAS the condition of said bond not having been performed, Notice is therefore hereby given, to all whom it may concern, that by virtue of a power contained in the said mortgage, and pursuant to the act in such case made and provided, the said above described premises will be sold by public auction, at the Tontine Coffee House, in the city of New-York, on the first day of November, next ensuing the date hereof, at twelve o'clock of the said day. Dated the 28th day of March, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety six.

JACOB WATSON.

April 9, 1796.

24 if